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Penitential CRIES,

IN

Thirty two Hymns.

Begun by the Author of the *Songs of Praise* and *Midnight Cry*; and carried on by another hand.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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Penetential Cries.

I. *The Sinners Self-Reflection.*

I.

AH Lord, ah Lord, what have I done?
What will become of me?
What ſhall I ſay, what ſhall I do?
Or whither ſhall I flee?
By wandring I have loſt my ſelf,
And here I'll make my moan,
O whither whither have I ſtray'd,
Ah Lord what have I done?

II.

Thy Candle ſearches all thy Rooms
And now I plainly ſee,
The numerous Sins of Earth and Hell
Are ſummed up in me,
The Seeds of all the Ills that grow
Are in my Garden ſown,
And multitudes of them are ſprung,
Ah Lord what have I done?

III.

I have been Satans willing ſlave,
And his moſt eaſie prey,
He was not readier to Command,
Than I was to Obey;

Or

Or if at times he left my Soul,
Yet ſtill his Work went on,
I was a Tempter to my ſelf;
Ah Lord what have I done?

IV.

I puſt at all the threats of Heaven,
And ſlighted all its charms,
Nor Satans Fetters would I leave,
For Chriſts inviting Arms:
I had a Soul but priz'd it not,
And now my Soul is gone.
My forced Cries do pierce the Skies,
Ah Lord what have I done?

II. *The Sinners Remorſe, as the* 25 Pſalm.

I.

LORD thou haſt overcome,
I've got my deadly wound,
And he that Kicks againſt the Pricks,
Will ſoon himſelf confound;
My Sins thoſe venemous Darts,
Which Heaven-wards I did throw,
Are now my Rack, being driven back
By mine Almighty Foe.

II.

My Sins have found me out,
And at my door they lye;
And there they ſtay both night and day,
And there I hear them cry;
In vain my Friends attempt
To cure my miſeries,

What they propound to me is drown'd
In ſins loud roaring cries.

III.

In vain are all the Tears
Of them that ſtand without,
My Dart's within, it is my ſin,
They cannot pull it out;
My Heart is all one wound,
My breath repeated ſighs,
My Bread is tears, my life is fears,
My Language Groans and Cries.

IV.

What are Heavens lights to him
Who in the Dungeon lies,
Not one thin Ray, or piece of day
Does chear my clouded eyes;
Sins match enkindles Hell,
Sin makes the Damned Roar,
This I have heard without regard,
But never knew before.

III. *The Sinners Fears.*

I.

ALas! for I have ſeen the Lord,
With a drawn Sword he ſtood,
Now might he ſheath it in my fleſh,
And bathe it in my blood;
I've dar'd him with my mighty ſins,
As if he was too ſlow,
But now he comes both arm'd and girt,
As an inraged Foe.

II.

II.

What ſhall a guilty ſinner do?
When Juſtice do's appear,
Or whither ſhall I flee from him,
Whoſe place is every where?
As I can neither ſtand nor fly,
For neither can I bear,
That mighty hand which Grinds the Rocks,
And doth foundations tear.

III.

My pale, my poor, my trembling Soul
Do's ſtart at every thing,
It hourly fears huge Hoſts of wrath
From this incenſed King;
Should he but his Commiſſions grant
All Creatures would engage
Againſt me as their common foe,
With an united rage.

IV.

I have ſuch Monſters in my Soul,
As do portend and tell,
As Devils here with me have dwelt
So I with them muſt dwell;
They have my wretched Soul poſſeſt,
They hold it in their chains,
I fear leaſt they ſhould drag it down
To ſuffer endleſs pains.

V.

My fears are juſt, I've ſerv'd for Hell,
And 'tis my proper hire,
But who can dwell, O who can dwell
With everlaſting Fire?

IV. *The Sinners Shame or Confuſion.*

I.

SO fooliſh, ſo abſurd am I,
That nothing can be more;
Was ever ſuch a Monſter ſeen
Upon the Earth before?
I dare not look upon the Earth,
The witneſs of my ſin;
My Conſcience is a Doomſday Book:
I dare not look within.

II.

Upwards I durſt not caſt mine Eyes,
For there my Judge doth ſit:
Nor downwards whence the ſmoke does riſe,
From the Infernal Pit;
How ſhall I anſwer at the Bar,
Of him, who is moſt pure?
I cannot anſwer for my ſelf;
My ſelf I can't endure.

III.

And as my ſelf I can't endure,
My ſelf I cannot fly;
Thus Fools do ſell themſelves for Slaves,
And what a Slave am I?
My Heart the ſeat of folly is,
My Life a Life of Sin,
Surely I am more brutiſh far,
Than ever Brute hath been.

IV.

Is this my wit, is this my way?
To make a glorious name?

Is

Is this the thanks I've paid to Heaven,
Ah what a beaſt I am?
This Crown is fallen from my Head,
My Royal Robes are gone;
Confuſion is my only Cloak,
And I muſt put it on.

V.

And whilſt I bluſh, and whilſt I bleed,
Here will I ſit alone;
And here I'll lead the Lepers life,
And make my doleful moan:
I am not worthy of the Earth,
Not worthy of the Air,
Not worthy of one watery drop,
But of the Damneds fare.

VI.

O how it kills my heart to think
Upon my fooliſh ways!
Yet this I'll bear, and bleſs the Lord,
Becauſe damnation ſtays.

V. *The Sinners Amazement, as the* 25 Pſalm.

I.

I Read that ſins are Clouds,
Whence Vengeance ſtorms have fell,
But this is that, I wonder at,
That I am out of Hell.
Sure there are thoſe in Hell,
Who never have deſerv'd
In Hell to lie, ſo much as I,
And yet I am preſerv'd.

II.

My ſins have proudly ſcorn'd,
My ſins have boldly dar'd
The God of Might, with much deſpight,
And yet my Soul is ſpar'd.
The beſt and goodlieſt things,
Which did this World adorn,
By ſin are rac't, and quite defac't,
Yet ſtill I am forborn.

III.

At our firſt Parents breach,
Pale Death came ruſhing in,
The Angels fell from Heav'n to Hell
Preſt with the weights of ſin.
The Sodomites Cry prevail'd,
Hell could no longer ſtay,
But loe there came a Sulph'rous Flame
And met them by the way.

IV.

When *Corah* did Rebel,
Earth would not be his Slave,
To bear his weight, but opens ſtreight,
And was his willing Grave.
When *Iſrael* did corrupt
The Air with murmuring breath,
It did rebound, and gave a wound,
And that was preſent Death.

V.

The whole Creation groans,
Sins wracks the World do fill,

It empties Rooms, to furniſh Tombs,
Yet I am living ſtill.
On the Lords hand I live,
And cannot but admire,
He does not ſhake ſo vile a Snake
Into Eternal Fire.

VI.

That Miracles are ceas'd,
Some confidently tell;
But I do know it is not ſo,
Whilſt I am out of Hell.

VI. *The Sinners Hope.*

I.

WHO knows but ſuch an one as I
May Grace and Mercy find?
I hear the God of *Iſrael*
Is merciful and kind.
Had he been pleas'd to torture me
With everlaſting bands,
He might have done it long ago
Who had me in his hands.

II.

I do not hear the Trumpet ſound,
To call me to his Bar,
The proofs and patterns of his Grace
Forbid me to deſpair.
Deſpair is ſuch a ſin of ſins,
It cannot be forgiv'n;
Whilſt other ſins Hells ways do pave,
This Bars the Gates of Heav'n.

III.

Ceaſe then thy murmuring, O my Soul,
And ſilently attend,
To th' ſounding Bowels of a Chriſt,
Who is the Sinners Friend.
He does not ſay, Depart from me,
Into Eternal Fire;
But, Come into my open Breaſt,
VVhere weary Souls retire.

IV.

The trembling wretch, who toucht his Hem,
But fear'd an heavy Doom;
Receiv'd a Cure, and Bleſſing too,
And went rejoycing home.
The Prodigal deſerv'd, and far'd
VVorſe than the Swine he fed;
But found a Mirthful Feaſt at home,
VVho only lookt for Bread.

V.

Heav'n lookt upon the Publican,
VVho was bow'd down with ſhame;
Mercy he call'd, which ſoon appear'd,
And anſwer'd to its name.
My Sins are mighty ſins indeed;
But I have underſtood;
Great ſins are foils which do enhance
The Price of Saving Blood.

VI.

My Soul has many ghaſtly wounds,
Yet will I not deſpair,

Whilſt

Whilſt there is Balm in *Gilead*,
And a Phyſician there.
That I might march to *Canaans* Land,
The Silver Trumpet ſounds,
My Day ſtill ſhines, my Tent is fix'd
Within Salvations bounds:

VI.

The Door is ſhut, but is not barr'd,
And he that is within,
Does bid me ask, and ſeek, and knock,
And ſtrive to enter in:
Here then I'll ask, and ſeek, and knock,
Until the Door be ope;
Nor will I ſtir a foot from hence;
It is a Door of Hope.

VII. *The Sinners Confeſſion.*

I.

WHO, who can number all the Stars,
Or Sands upon the Shore?
Thy ſins, thy ſins are multitudes,
My Soul, thy ſins are more.
Alas! I cannot bear the ſight,
They do like Clouds ariſe;
The Sword of Juſtice will awake;
For they have reacht the Skies.

II.

Moſt ſtubbornly I have rebell'd,
And broke thy Law, O God;
How juſt is it, that ſuch a wretch
Should feel thy Flaming Rod?

bleed

I bleed to think how I did ſlight
Thy Meſſage from above;
How I deſpis'd thy Blood, O Chriſt,
And thy Redeeming Love!

III.

How oft I did repeat my ſin,
And ran upon the ſcore,
Tho' Conſcience loudly did diſſwade;
And bad me ſin no more.
How is it Lord thou doſt ſo long
This wretched Soul forbear?
VVhen almoſt ev'ry thoughts's a ſin,
My breath pollutes thy air.

IV.

Manaſſeh's ſins were white to mine,
Mine bear a Crimſon die;
Sure never any ſo provok't
The Lord of Hoſts as I,
Ah how much viler than the Earth
By ſin am I become?
A Sinner of polluted birth,
A ſinner in the VVomb.

V.

Lord, whither, whither muſt I range
To count up my tranſgreſſions?
Give me thy pardon, in Exchange
Accept of my Confeſſion.

VIII. *The Sinners Retreat.*

I.

FArewell, vain world, I bid adieu;
Thou canſt not fill, but cloy:
Thy Throne, O God, does ſend forth new,
And more refined joy.
Meer Vanity does Man purſue
With eagerneſs and heat;
The braveſt things the World can ſhew
Are but a perfect cheat:

II.

Who gain the riches of the Earth,
Gain but a finer droſs,
Who gain a World, and loſe a Soul,
Suſtain the greateſt loſs.
The blaſt of honour ſounds aloud,
Yet that's but empty air,
Which quickly paſſes thro' the Croud:
And do's no more appear.

III.

Alas there's nothing here that can
True bleſſedneſs afford;
Ye painted ſhadows, get you gone,
Ye hold me from my Lord;
He's bleſt indeed who loveth God,
Whoſe undefiled mind
Can ſcorn ſuch poor delights, and can
In Jeſus better find.

IV.

O happy they who only love
Their God, and him admire! That

That I may taſte your purer joys,
I'll from the World retire.
I'll make it my ambition now,
To be belov'd of God:
Sinners, in time, in time, return,
Before you feel his Rod.

IX. *The Sinners Reſolves.*

I.

THIS empty World has now too long
Deceived me with lies,
I am reſolved to be gone;
Deluded Soul ariſe.
Go fly to Chriſt without delay,
Engage him for thy Friend,
Such men are bleſſed in their way,
And bleſſed in their end.

II.

What have I more to do with ſin?
Ye flatt'ring ſweets be gone;
The time and place 'twas acted in,
Are ſad to think upon.
My vain companions I'll forſake,
Them from their ways withdraw,
I'll read a Lecture that ſhall make
Thoſe frozen hearts to thaw.

III.

My ſins will I no more repeat,
Nor finiſh that begun,
My Summons to the Judgment Seat
May come before it's done. I will

I will not with my Finger once
Touch my beloved ſin.
Who knows its latter end? you know
But where it did begin.

IV.

The ſnares of Satan lye ſo low,
And are ſo ſmoothly plac't;
I'll ſoftly tread where e're I go,
And never act in haſte.
The Word and Spirit I'll obey,
And think if God ſay ſo,
It is enough, I'll never ſtay,
To ſee what others do.

V.

I'll dedicate my ſelf to God,
And his alone will be,
I triumph I am in the road
To true felicity.
Lord, all is ſpread before thy face,
My Soul reſolves upon;
My Soul commits it to thy Grace,
O leave it not alone!

X. *The Sinners Cry for Pardon.*

I.

GReat God, thou art a God of Grace,
Who pardons haſt in ſtore;
O do not turn away thy face
From me, tho I am poor.
I do deſerve the hotteſt plagues
Of an incenſed God;

To drink the Vials of his wrath,
To feel the damneds rod.

II.

But turn away thy wrath from me,
Now turning at thy call;
O why ſhould'ſt thou exalt thy ſelf
In thy poor Creatures fall?
I might be caſt into thy Jail,
There lie for evermore;
But Lord, thy patience did give Bail,
Thy Chriſt did pay the ſcore.

III.

Mercy, good Lord, Mercy I ask,
This is the Total Sum,
For Mercy, Lord, is all my ſuit,
Lord, let thy mercy come.
Lord, if thou wilt my ſins forgive,
Wilt not in wrath deſtroy;
'Twill add new comforts to thy Saints,
Freſh triumphs to their joy.

IV.

This will encourage ſinners, Lord,
To turn and ſeek thy face;
When they ſhall hear the worſt of them
Has now obtain'd thy Grace.
My ſins are Mountains, tho they be,
Theſe Mountains cannot ſtand;
What are thoſe Mountains to my Chriſt?
They fly at thy command.

V.

V.

My ſins indeed are numberleſs,
Are not thy Mercies ſo?
This did thy pardon'd ones profeſs,
They bad me to thee go.
Tho they be numerous and great,
I'm in Salvations Road;
They cannot paſs the blood of Chriſt;
VVhich is the blood of God.

VI.

Where ſin abounds, thy Word do's ſay,
Grace has abounded more;
This is, and ſhall be ſtill my plea;
Whilſt thou haſt Grace in ſtore.
Mercy, good Lord, Mercy, I ask;
This is the total ſumm,
For mercy, Lord, is all my ſuit,
Lord, let thy Mercy come.

XI. *The Sinners Addreſs to Chriſt.*

I.

WHere lies a ſin, I'll drop a tear,
Then view Redeeming blood,
To mourning Souls Chriſt will appear,
And ſurely do them good.
'Tis thou alone, my Lord, canſt give
This asking heart relief,
Chriſt's gentle voice would make it live,
His hand wipe off my grief.

II.

Thoſe falſly call'd the ſweets of ſin,
Are bitter unto me;
I loath the ſtate that I am in,
Lord may I come to thee?
But O wilt thou receive him now
That's coming to thy door?
For I can bring no dowry, Lord,
I come extreamly poor.

III.

What if my tears could make a ſloud,
My righteouſneſs is droſs,
Thoſe tears need waſhing in thy blood,
Tho' wept upon thy Croſs.
I have an Argument to plead
Which thou canſt not deny,
Thy Grace is free, and thou doſt give
To ſinners, ſuch as I.

IV.

Thou doſt invite all wandring Souls,
And I am one of thoſe,
With thee the ſick do find a Cure,
The weary find repoſe.
The world, and ſin will ever vex,
Will trouble and moleſt,
I therefore truſt my Soul with Chriſt
To bring to Heavens reſt.

XII. *The Sinners Reception.*

I.

WHilſt others coſtly Offerings bring
Unto my Lord moſt dear,
To him a Song of Praiſe I'll ſing,
And ſacrifice a Tear.
This is my choiceſt gift, I have
No better to impart;
When thou receiv'ſt me firſt; then I
Did offer up mine heart.

II.

I am the Prodigal return'd,
And met upon the Plain,
And thou the loving Father, that
Invit'ſt me home again.
Thou didſt invite, and bring me home,
My ſtudy now ſhall be
To furniſh, and prepare a Room,
VVhere Chriſt may dwell with me.

III.

O cleanſe my Soul and make it white,
Adorn it with thy Grace,
To dwell with me do thou delight,
And never hide thy face.
VVho can but love ſo dear a Lord!
I'll make a daily feaſt,
The daily exerciſe of Grace
ſhall entertain my Chriſt.

IV.

I love thee Lord; and thou doſt know
How I adore thy name; B 5 Surely,

Surely, my God, I would do ſo,
VVould wear a loving frame.
VVith thankfulneſs I will record
Thy kindneſs all my days,
I'll live upon and to the Lord:
And breath a conſtant praiſe.

XIII. *The Sinners admiration of Divine Mercy, as the* 148 Pſalm.

I.

TO praiſe Redeeming Love,
Dear Chriſtians, lend a voice,
Come thou Diviner Dove,
And help me to rejoyce;
My heart too low,
Lord, thou canſt raiſe;
Bleſt Spirit blow,
And I ſhall praiſe.

II.

Here Lord will I admire
The wonders of thy Grace
Till thou ſhalt call me higher,
There to behold thy face:
O Heighth of Grace!
O Depth of Love!
Now fit me for
My place above.

III.

Hell was my proper hire,
For I was Satans Slave,

Fit

Fit Fuel for that Fire,
But God delights to ſave:
God often call'd:
I would not come:
He call'd until
He brought me home.

IV.

Dejected Souls may not
Acceptance with him fear;
No ſigh was e're forgot;
He Bottles every Tear.
Do not deſpair,
Becauſe you ſee,
How kind the Lord
Has been to me.

V.

My ſins were very high,
My Soul almoſt in Hell,
Yet Mercy then drew nigh,
And caught me as I fell.
Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death;
And write a Song
For every Breath.

VI.

Who can this Love expreſs?
His Mercy ne're decays,
What can my Soul do leſs,
Than love him all my days?

Bleſs God, my Soul,
Even unto Death,
And write a Song
For every Breath.

XIV. *The Sinners Thirſt after more Grace.*

I.

I Bleſs my God for giving Grace,
Wilt thou increaſe my ſtore?
And as my Graces do increaſe,
Thy Praiſes ſhall be more.
This barren Soil will never bear,
Or elſe bear nothing good;
Unleſs thou water with thy Care,
And moiſten with thy Blood.

II.

Be thou to me, as thou haſt been
Unto thine *Iſrael*,
A Dew to keep my branches green,
To make my bloſſoms ſmell.
I daily thirſt, I ſigh, I groan,
For greater growth in Grace;
O ſpread each ſigh before thy Throne,
Before thy brighter Face.

III.

Increaſe the Grace that thou haſt wrought,
So kindly, freely given,
Lord cheriſh it, till thou haſt brought
Me up the Stairs to Heav'n.
This thirſty Soul muſt ſtill repeat
Its earneſt Suit again.

I am

I am thy Garden, and intreat
Thy Garden may have Rain.

XV. *For Spiritual Protection.*

I.

I Have an Hoſt of Enemies,
Are ever breaking in,
Satan, the World, the Fleſh deviſe
To ruine me by ſin:
I truſt to God, as my defence,
Againſt their ſubtilties;
From all deſtructive baits of ſenſe,
Wilt thou reſtrain mine Eyes?

II.

Tho' ye combine againſt my Soul,
I make the Lord my Guard,
Who will your fiery Breath controul,
Who will be my Reer-ward.
When ever dangers near approach,
Lord be at hand to me,
And bring my Soul by each aſſault,
The nearer unto thee.

III.

O keep from ſin, which brings a frown,
Be gracious at my Cry:
Let no Temptations caſt them down,
That on thy Grace relye.
Why ſhould that frame ſet up within,
Which thine own hand did raiſe?

Be ever broke or ſlurr'd by ſin,
Why ſhouldſt thou loſe thy praiſe?

IV.

Even as thy care, thy hand is large,
And fills each empty ſpace;
Remember that I am thy charge;
This day conſult my caſe.
My Soul, my Frame, I will commit
To thee, O Holy Ghoſt!
Thou art my Guardian, and I truſt,
Thy work ſhall not be loſt.

XVI. *Lamenting the loſs of Firſt Love.*

I.

O That my Soul was now as fair,
As it has ſometimes been,
Devoid of that diſtracting care
Without, and guilt within.
There was a time, when I could tread
No Circle but of Love;
That joyous Morning now is fled;
How heavily I move?

II.

Unhappy Soul, that thou ſhould'ſt force
Thy Saviour to depart,
When he was pleaſed with ſo coarſe
A Lodging in thy Heart.
How ſweetly I enjoy'd my God!
With how Divine a frame,
I thought on every Plant I trod,
I read my Saviour's Name!

III.

III.

liv'd, I lov'd, I talkt with thee,
So ſweetly we agreed,
nd thou no ſtranger waſt to me,
Till became a Weed.
he Tempter rob'd me, and I muſt,
I fear, be ever poor;
lay this ſuffice to row i'th' duſt,
Before thy Temple Door?

IV.

My deareſt Lord, my Heart flames not
VVith Love, that Sacred Fire,
ut ſince my Love has wore that blot,
Repentance runs the higher.
O might thoſe days return again,
How welcome they ſhould be!
Shall my Petition be in vain,
Since after Grace is free.

V.

Lord, of my Soul, return, return,
To chaſe away this Night,
Let not thine anger ever burn;
God once was my delight.

XVII. *The Conflict.*

I.

O VVhat a VVar is in my Soul,
VVhich fain would be devout!
I am moſt weary with the Fight,
But may not yet give out.

The

The Fleſh and Spirit, both contend
For this weak Soul of mine,
That oft I know not what to do,
But Lord, I would be thine.

II.

I would believe, but unbelief
Prevails the other way;
And I have conſtant cauſe of grief,
A longer night than day.
I cry to God, thoſe Cries declare,
Whoſe part my Soul do's take,
Accept my poor deſires, whilſt I
Do this reſiſtance make.

III.

My Evidences ſhould be clear,
But ah the blots of ſin!
Turn chearing hope to ſadning fear,
And make black doubts within.
The Laws of Sin, and Grace will jar,
Both dwelling in one room,
The Saints expect perpetual VVar,
Till ye are ſent for home.

IV.

Altho' theſe Combates make you fear,
They ſhould not caſt you down,
God will give Grace to hold out here,
and Glory for its Crown.

VIII. *The Back-ſliders Return.*

I.

THO' I am fallen from my God,
I'll venture to draw nigh;
His Word aſſures me, he would not
Have any Sinner die.
Sinners may hope to ſee God's Face,
Tho' fallen ne're ſo low;
If they go to the Throne of Grace,
And weeping, as they go.

II.

Who ſhames himſelf before him there,
His ſin ſhall be forgot;
If Sinners bluſh, when they confeſs,
That bluſhing hides their ſpot.
Ah Lord! I am aſham'd to come,
Aſham'd with thee to meet,
I dare not look, but down I fall
At thy moſt bleſſed Feet.

III.

Did ever any thus before,
Thus baſely wrong thy Grace?
Sure I'm more vile than any one
Of wretched *Adam*'s Race.
Here comes the Prodigal, Lord, hear,
And anſwer at his Call,
I beg for Jeſus ſake, that thou
Remember not my Fall.

IV.

IV.

Nothing I plead on my behalf,
But yet thou knoweſt well,
Bright Saints in Heav'n were once black brand
Snatcht from a burning Hell.
The Blood of Bulls thou askeſt not,
A Penitential groan
Shall be accepted, this I bring,
And offer at thy Throne.

XIX. *The Sinners Morning Prayer; as th*
100 Pſalm.

I.

GOD who once more unſeal'd mine eyes
Shall have my choiceſt Sacrifice,
My higheſt thanks I humbly pay,
For Mercies running night and day.

II.

O Lord, thy Pardon I implore,
And Grace, that I offend no more,
O let thy goodneſs never ceaſe;
Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

III.

As thou reneweſt ſtill my days,
With new endearments crown my ways;
Father, with me this day abide;
Be thou my leader and my guide,

IV.

That I may plainly ſee and know,
The very Path where I ſhould go;

And

And may at night rejoycing, ſay,
My God was kind to me this day.

V.

Thoſe Graces that I want ſupply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my corruptions more and more,
Loſe of the ground they had before.

VI.

By Faith, dear Saviour, I would live,
And like the fruitful Lilly thrive:
The fruitful Chriſtian honours God,
And ſhews his Paſtures to be good.

VII.

Give me my claim to Heaven clear,
Thy conſtant Grace to perſevere:
Whilſt here on Earth be thou my Guard,
And at the laſt my great Reward

XX. *The Sinners Evening Prayer; as the* 100 Pſalm.

I.

O Lord, behold a wretched one,
That flings himſelf before thy Throne,
By practice ſinful, and by birth,
Lord, viler, viler than the Earth.

II.

O let thy Chriſt my Jeſus be,
To ſave from ſin and miſery!
My Soul, beneath thy feet I lay,
Intreating Pardon for this day.

III.

III.

God made his World, and brought me in,
And I brought mine, my World of Sin;
Behold thoſe ſins not as a Spy,
To mark, or as a Judge, to try.

IV.

But as Phyſitian to the Poor,
Who brings a Balſam for the Sore;
Abſolve, renew me by thy Grace;
Fit me for Death which comes apace.

V.

Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from harm;
Preſerve my wandring Soul from ſin,
Both going out, and coming in.

VI.

Keep far from me a careleſs heart,
From which my Saviour would depart:
O bleſs and proſper all my ways,
That they may iſſue in thy Praiſe.

XXI. *Cry for Improvement of Talents.*

I.

I Am a Tree that God has ſet,
Which he expects ſhould grow:
We muſt allow that Hand to reap,
Which was at coſt to ſow.

II.

If thou expecteſt from my Flock,
Or from my Tillage Bread;

Then

Then help me to improve my Stock;
Let not thy Grace lie dead.

II.

Thoſe Talents that the Maſters ſend,
The Servants muſt improve,
Thine Aid, O my great Maſter! ſend
To help me from above.
Since thou didſt buy me, when a Slave,
Shall I not now be true?
I'll uſe the power that I have,
Dear Saints, for God and you.

III.

With Riches give a liberal Heart,
That ſo I may reſtore
Again, and pay thy Tythes unto
Thy Deputy the Poor.
That honour thou doſt ſhine on me,
Shall honour thee always;
My leſſer Talents joyn to pay
Their Tribute to thy Praiſe.

IV.

What e're is mine, it firſt was thine,
And thine ſhall ever be;
All my Enjoyments ſhall combine
To raiſe, and honour thee.
My parts, my time, my every thing,
Are wholly thine I own:
Accept the Muſick from each ſtring
Preſented at thy Throne.

XXII. *A Cry before the Sacrament.*

I.

TO day the Lord of Hosts invites
Unto a costly Feast;
O what a priviledge is this,
To be th'Almighties Guest!

II.

I am invited, I must go,
Lord help me to prepare,
That so I may be welcome, and
Partake of Childrens fare.

III.

All they that sit down with him must
Be decked with his Grace;
He smiles on such Communicants,
And they behold his Face.

IV.

But who, and what am I? O Lord!
Unholy and unmeet,
To come within thy doors, or to
Wash thy Disciples Feet!

V.

Come, holy Spirit, come, and take
My filthy garments hence,
The guilt, the stain, the love of sin,
Will give my Lord offence.

VI.

Remember not my sins, O Lord!
Which ever load my mind,
Thy Son did die, for such as I,
That I might Mercy find.

VII.

VII.

Worldly diſtractions ſtay behind,
Below the Mount abide,
Be no diſturbance to my mind,
Nor make my Saviour chide.

VIII.

Let nothing that is not Divine
Within thy preſence move,
What e're would cauſe thee not to ſhine
In tokens of thy love.

IX.

Whilſt thou doſt at thy Table ſit,
Send out thy Spirit to breathe;
Upon my Soul, to ſummon forth
My Graces from beneath.

X.

Awake Repentance, Faith, and Love,
Awake, O every Grace;
Come, come, attend this glorious King,
And bow before his Face.

XI.

O come, my Lord, the time draws nigh
That I am to receive,
Stand with my Pardon ſealed by,
Perſwade me to believe.

XII.

Let not my Jeſus now be ſtrange,
Nor hide himſelf from me;
O cauſe thy Face to ſhine upon
The Soul that longs for thee,

XIII.

O let our entertainment now
Be ſo exceeding ſweet,
That we may long to come again,
And at thy Table meet.

XXIII. *Under Deſertion.*

I.

MY Lord, My God, I once could ſing,
But now I fear to ſay
My God, I only cry my King,
Of force I muſt obey.
I've forfeited that bleſſed Gueſt,
That joy that ſometimes ſhone,
Within this dark unhallowed breaſt;
O whither is it gone?

II.

In infinite compaſſion, Lord,
To my complaint give ear,
Whole troops of ſorrows bear me down,
O when wilt thou appear?
Remember, Lord, what I am ſtil'd,
Tho under darkneſs great,
Tho under darkneſs, ſtill thy child,
My heart is ſtill thy ſeat.

III.

My King, thou doſt poſſeſs that Throne,
Thou doſt that Scepter ſway,
'Tis thine, 'tis purely thine alone,
I hate the ſinners way.
Lord, when thou ſeeſt me come to pray,
Bow down a gracious ear, To

To anſwer me make no delay,
One darkſome day's a year,

IV.

I know I am extreamly vile,
Lo here is room for Grace,
Look therefore towards me with a ſmile,
A reconciled face.
I will no more my Lord provoke,
Or cauſe thee to withdraw,
Thy former frowns have made me wiſe
To fear, and ſtand in awe.

V.

My reſtleſs Soul will ne're give o're,
Until thy Bowels move;
I'll not be driven from thy door,
'Till thou ſhalt ſay I love.

XXIV. *For the Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

I.

AMong the Jews let every Tribe
Turn to their Antient Lord,
All Glory to his Name aſcribe,
With joy receive his word.
Let Jews, and Gentile world agree
Thy gloriour Name to raiſe,
When they the path to Heaven ſee,
They come with Songs and Praiſe.

II.

O that the Lord would conquer thoſe
That do reſiſt his hand,

O cauſe that all thy Churches Foes
May yield to thy Command.
Thy Churches, Lord, beyond the Seas,
Are graven on our Hearts;
Shower down thy Grace on them and theſe,
Let neither loſe their parts.

III.

Let thoſe that ſeek thee not, be found,
Whilſt the deſpiſers fall,
And thoſe that hear the Goſpel ſound,
May anſwer to its call.
Thy Saints complain that they are few,
They make too mean a Quire;
Let Converts fall like Morning Dew,
Thy Praiſe will riſe the higher.

IV.

In *England* give thy Goſpel free
From a deviſed dreſs,
And let thy goodneſs which do's ſhine
In H—*—ne're be leſs. ——*Name your Town here.*

Let thoſe whom thou haſt known of old,
Be quickly called home,
Even all thy Sheep within this Fold,
Compel them Lord to come.

V.

Build up thine own, who wait till thou
Doſt their corruptions kill;
Breathe on our Souls, advance our Grace,
Lord, higher, higher ſtill.
Our Paſtor whom thou doſt appoint,
To keep our Vineyard, bleſs,
With ſaving Grace, thy ſweeteſt ſmiles,
And with a fair ſucceſs.

VI.

VI.

Of thy ſweet preſence grant us more:
Much more our Souls deſire;
Until we ſing on Sions Hill,
With that Seraphick Quire.

XXV. *For a Soft Heart.*

I.

THat Heart is harder than a Stone,
That riſes up to play,
And ne're with ſorrow thinks upon
The ſins of Yeſterday.
The laſt nights failures well might make,
If they were duly ſcann'd,
Each Rock, each Sinners Heart to ake,
For Saints are daily tann'd.

II.

Ah Lord! doſt thou not ſee my heart!
Alas! how little Love!
I pray thee do not loſe thy part,
Drop ſoftneſs from above.
O keep it tender! keep it ſoft,
That I may know to raiſe,
And quickly fit the loweſt ſtring,
Unto a Tune of Praiſe.

III.

Thy People do lament and cry,
Their ſins have made them groan;
Give me their frames, then ſo ſhall I,
Lord, rowl away this Stone.
If thou with-hold a little ſpace,
With-hold not very long;
Send down the melting Dews of Grace,
I'll ſend thee up a Song.

IV.

Make my heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill,
Me like thy mourning Dove,
I mourn becauſe I cannot mourn,
But Lord thou know'ſt I love,
Make my heart ſofter, ſofter ſtill;
That by thy gracious hand
A deep impreſſion may be made
Even from the leaſt Command.

XXVI. *Againſt Unbelief.*

I.

A Soul that's burden'd with the weight
Of ſin that on him lies,
Muſt go to *Golgotha*, then ask
For whom that Saviour dies,
Surely for Sinners, ſuch as I,
That precious Blood was ſpilt,
Come, poor defiled Souls, O come,
And waſh away your guilt.

II.

Chriſt calls, ariſe, and do not fear,
Tho thou waſt Satan's Slave,
Let this thy drooping ſpirit cheer,
His errant was to ſave.
Chriſt did appear to *Magdalen*,
When blinded with her tears,
To lead on others to believe,
And caſt away their fears.

III.

My ſins are grown ſo high, that they
Deſerve a ſecond flood,
Behold the Deluge, Chriſt is come;
To drown them in his blood.
My work is to believe on him,
By Faith his Blood apply,

When

When Faith takes out the fiery ſting,
That ſinner ſhall not die.

IV.

Lord give me this believing heart
Advance it more and more,
Rebuke theſe doubts and ſcruples that
Are crouding at my door.
Lord, Satan ſays my ſins are high,
And ſpread before thy face;
Vaſt heighths indeed; but what are theſe
Unto the heighths of Grace?

XXVII. *For Univerſal Obedience.*

I.

LORD thou haſt planted me a Vine
In fertile ſoil and air,
Now tend and water me as thine,
Make me thy daily care.
My Chriſt I'm wholly thine, direct
Me wandring in the dark,
O may my conſtant aims be ſtrait,
Thine honour be my mark.

II.

I have obſerv'd thy ſacred Laws
To be exceeding wide,
Let me not from the leaſt of them
Turn wilfully aſide.
Lord let thy Word and Spirit guide
Thy Servant in thy way,
May I walk cloſely with my God
And run no more aſtray.

III.

Shall *Simon* bear thy Croſs alone
And other Saints be free?

Each

Each Saint of thine ſhall find his own
And there is one for me.
When e're it falls unto my lot
Let it not drive me from
My God, let me be ne're forgot
'Till thou haſt lov'd me home.

IV.

O happy Chriſtians, be not loth
To have a coarſer fare:
Saints that have had no Table cloth,
Had Chriſt at Dinner there.
To do or ſuffer I am pleas'd,
So long as Chriſt ſtands by,
Support me with thy conſtant aid,
Leſt all thy Graces dye.

V.

Thy way is to the upright ſtrength,
Lord make it ſo to me,
That never tiring with the length,
My Soul may reach to thee.

XXVIII. *The ſinners Cry for Quickning Grace.*

I.

THE Spouſe ſought her beloved one,
But ſought him on her Bed,
Seldom ſuch ſeekers ſpeed with God,
Cold Pray'rs are counted dead.
How many Duties do I ſpoil,
How many ſins do I
Contract by this my drowſy frame,
Forgetting Chriſt is by?

II.

Thy Saints enjoy a lively Frame,
Run cheerfully to God,

Their

Their Heav'nly praiſes ſhew the ſame
Whilſt I'm a lifeleſs clod.
Ah Lord ſhall it be ever thus?
Have I no wings for thee?
It grieves me to go bowed down,
Whilſt other Chriſtians flee.

III.

None can remedy this but thou,
Drop down the Oil of Love,
My Soul then like *Amminadab*,
With ſwift delight will move.
O come to me with quick'ning Grace,
Remove this drowſie frame,
Then ſhall the fire of Love within,
Break out into a flame.

IV.

Come, come to me, O come and ſet
My Soul upon the Wing,
When I upon the Mountain get,
I'll praiſe my Heav'nly King.
No more delays, O come, and blow,
Stir up thy grace begun;
When thou doſt breathe, thy Spices flow;
The work goes kindly on.

XXIX. *For Communion with God.*

I.

ALaſs my God, that we ſhou'd be,
Such Strangers to each other,
O that as Friends we might agree,
And walk and talk together.
Thou know'ſt my Soul do's dearly love
The place of thine abode,
No Muſick drops ſo ſweet a ſound,
As theſe two words, my God.

II.

II.

I long not for the Fruit that grows
Within theſe Gardens here,
I find no ſweetneſs in their Roſe,
When Jeſus is not near.
Thy gracious preſence, O my Chriſt
Can make a Paradiſe;
Ah what are all the goodly Pearls
Unto this Pearl of price?

III.

May I taſte that Communion, Lord,
Thy People have with thee?
Thy Spirit daily talks with them,
O let it talk with me;
Like *Enoch*, let me walk with God,
And thus walk out my day,
Attended with the Heav'nly Guards
Upon my Kings High-way.

IV.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
O come, my Lord moſt dear,
Come near, come nearer, nearer ſtill,
I'm well when thou art near.
When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
I languiſh for thy ſight,
Ten thouſands Suns if thou art ſtrange
Are ſhades inſtead of light.

V.

When wilt thou come unto me Lord?
For till thou doſt appear,
I count each moment for a day,
Each minute for a year.
Come Lord, and never from me go,
This World's a darkſome place,

I find

I find no pleaſure here below,
When thou doſt vail thy Face.

VI.

There's no ſuch thing as pleaſure here,
My Jeſus is my all,
As thou doſt ſhine or diſappear,
My pleaſures riſe or fall.
Come, ſpread thy ſavour on my frame,
No ſweetneſs is ſo ſweet;
Till I get up to ſing thy name,
Where all thy Singers meet.

XXX. *On the Lord's Day. as the* 100 Pſalm.

I.

THou ſpreadſt a weekly Table, Lord,
Where Souls may Banquet on thy Word,
Whilſt means in plenty we enjoy:
Let not our Souls be parch'd and dry.

II.

We wait here at *Bethesda's* Pool,
Thoſe Waters which refreſh and cool,
We wait whoſe Souls are ſcorcht with ſin,
O come, dear Saviour help us in,

III.

Thy Power and thy Grace diſplay,
Be thou amongſt us on thy day,
That Sinners may obſerve thy call,
And numerous Converts to thee fall,

IV.

That thoſe who do thy footſteps trace,
May find all ſweetneſs in thy Grace,
O may they never more complain
That they have ſought their God in vain.

V.

V.

Thy People at thy Footſtool lye,
Behold us with a gracious Eye,
O let our Souls with Jeſus meet,
Our fellowſhip with him be ſweet.

VI.

Among thy people here am I,
Lord let me not be paſſed by,
Let this poor Soul with Triumph ſay,
I've ſeen my deareſt Lord to day.

VII.

I ſit within thy Temple ſhade,
O let thy preſence make me glad,
Love me, my Lord, or elſe I dye,
Thy love alone can ſatisfie.

XXXI. *Of Death.*

I.

DEath ſteals upon us unawares,
And Digs a Grave unſeen,
Whilſt we diſpute, are full of Cares,
What may be, what has been;
Shall I be bent on vanity?
And rottenneſs to truſt,
Till Death ſhall lay his hand on me,
And crumble me to duſt?

II.

What if my Sun ſhould ſet at Noon,
If Death ſhould call to day?
Can'ſt thou, my Soul, go off ſo ſoon,
Haſt thou no ſcores to pay?
Behold, my Sands how quick they fall,
How near I am my Goal,
Let not my Body be undreſt,
Till thou haſt dreſt my Soul.

III.

That at the Trumpets ſound I may
Spring from my duſty bed,
Rejoycing at the voice that call;
Ariſe, come forth, ye dead.
Lord, give me patience if I lye
Upon a dying bed,
O let my Saviour ſtanding by,
Support my weary head;

IV.

Support my weak and tott'ring Faith,
Whilſt diſmal fears annoy;
My Jeſus be my ſweet defence,
My Jeſus be my joy.
Bleſt Advocate do thou not fail
At this time to appear,
O let my ſhaken Faith prevail,
My evidence be clear.

V.

My Soul in thy ſweet hands I truſt,
Now can I ſweetly ſleep,
My body falling to the duſt,
I leave with thee to keep.

XXXII. Pſalm. 63. 8. *My Soul follows hard after thee.*

I.

MY God, my God, my light, my love,
Mine all in all to me,
Wilt thou a gracious Father prove
To Souls that hang on thee?

II.

My God, my God, my Light, my Love
For thee I thirſt alone,
The ſweeteſt Waters upon Earth
My Soul accounts as none.

My

III.

My God, &c.
Mine only, only Friend,
I ſeek, I long, I look for thee,
Why will thou not attend?

IV.

My God, &c.
O whither art thou gone?
Either be near unto me here,
Or lift me to thy Throne.

V.

My God, &c.
Canſt thou that Soul forſake,
That follows thee with reſtleſs cries
Longing to overtake?

VI.

My God, &c.
Thy Child intreats thy ſtay,
Father ſhall not thy bowels move?
O turn, and look this way.

VII.

My God, &c.
Come, come, with me abide
Rejoyce me with thy preſence, for
I know no joys beſide.

VIII.

My God, &c.
Hear thou my mournful cry,
The God of Love hears from above,
He will not ſee me die.

FINIS.

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